

POEMS AND SKETCHES

CHIRENCE E. STONE

LIBRARY OF CONGRESS.

732943

Chap. Copyright No.

Shelf .S 4

UNITED STATES OF AMERICA.







W. E. Stone.

POEMS AND SKETCHES

BY

CLARENCE EASTMAN STONE

33



BROOKLYN

JAMES J. O'CONNELL

1883

PREFACE.

IN presenting this little book to the Public, I cannot but feel that I am courting a sharper criticism than the several productions received when they appeared fugitively in various periodicals. That many of them have been widely copied, and often without any reference to the name of their author, leads me to think that they are not entirely devoid of merit, and encourages me to put them in such shape as shall insure their preservation by such as may deem them worthy of more than a passing glance.

They were all written at night, after the turmoil of business was hushed for the day ; and if the reader experiences one quarter the sense of relaxation and pleasure in perusing, that I did in penning them, I shall be perfectly satisfied, and count my labor not entirely lost.

BOSTON, *September, 1883.*

CONTENTS.

POEMS.

	PAGE
FOR A WOMAN'S FOLLY	1
THE MINSTREL'S CURSE	10
FAME, WEALTH AND HONOR	16
THE LIFE-BOAT	17
IN THE HAMMOCK	19
MIDNIGHT	21
BLESSED MISFORTUNE	22
LOVE AND PASSION	23
BE NOT IDLE	25
A FALSE HOPE	26
IN MEMORIAM	27
NATURE'S NOBLEMAN	29
"ONLY A HEART "	30
TRUE FRIENDSHIP	31
HYPOCRISY	32
DREAMING	33
CHARITY	34
THE LEDGER OF LIFE	35
LIST NOT TO EVIL	36
LOVE IN A LANE	37
APOSTROPHE TO A DEMON	39
A SOLILOQUY	40

THE WITTY THIEF	41
LINES FOR AN ALBUM	42
"THE ERL-KING"	43
TO MY "T. D."	45
MODERN LOVE	46
AN EPIGRAM	48
SONGS OF LOVE	49

SKETCHES.

LOVE AND MUSIC	57
"WANTED — A BOY"	62
THE ELOPEMENT	70
ANCIENT ARMS AND ARMOR	83
A MALE FLIRT	89
TOO MUCH FOR HIM	94
"A SCRAP OF PAPER"	99
SUNSET ON THE LAKE	104
THE BOOKS WE READ	107
HIS VALENTINE	109
A RUSTIC NYMPH	114
AGAINST HIS WILL	120

POEMS

FOR A WOMAN'S FOLLY.

A STORY TOLD A REPORTER.

“**T**IS only a simple story —
He's but a child, you see ;
Too young to seek for glory —
The tool of villainy !”

Thus spake the kind physician,
As from the cot we turned ;
In answer to my question,
This history I learned :

A maiden sits at midnight —
A letter in her hand,
Which reading makes her tremble,
Like earth-quake shaken land !

To-morrow she'll be wedded
To the lover of her choice ;
But now she's pale and weeping,
When she would fain rejoice.

From her discarded lover
The letter which she holds,
And in it threats of vengeance
Are all her eye beholds.

“ Coquette ! my life you’ve blighted ! ”
So writes the wretched man ;
“ My hand, my love you’ve slighted,
And forgive I never can ! ”

Then follow threats of vengeance
To her and hers for aye —
What wonder that she shudders,
When dawns her wedding day !

Eight years had she been wedded,
Without a child to bless
Her union with her lover,
Who loved her none the less.

But one day came a stranger —
A dainty, dimpled boy ;
And Heaven received the blessing
Of two hearts full of joy.

How happy was the mother,
Her babe pressed to her breast !
Forgotten was the letter
Which caused her such unrest.

.

Alone within her chamber
The mother sits one night ;
While on its pillow dreaming,
The child has visions bright.

She gazes on its features —
The father's smile is there —
And, as she looks, determines
Light burdens he shall bear.

She thinks of her fond husband,
Now absent from her side,
At work upon his paper —
Her torment, yet her pride !

She counts the weary moments,
That slowly pass away,
Till drowsiness o'ercomes her,
And sleep assumes its sway.

'T is past the hour of midnight,
And with her glances mild,
The moon peeps in the window,
At the mother and her child.

But now across the casement
A flitting shadow goes !
Oh ! husband, at thy labor,
Think'st thou of midnight foes ?

Still slumber child and mother,
Of danger unaware,
As, creeping through the window,
A robber masked is there !

Inside the room he pauses,
And glares with bloodshot eyes
On the unconscious sleepers —
His undisputed prize !

With stealthy tread advancing,
Beside the child he stands ;
And, drawing out a paper,
He holds it in his hands.

By the pale moonlight reading,
Fiercer becomes his face,
And with a curse unuttered,
He glances round the place.

The sleeping child then seizing,
He chokes its smothered cries —
He leaves behind the paper,
And from the chamber flies.

The mother soon awakens —
Her child ! Oh, where is he ? —
The paper tells the story —
She scans it eagerly.

“ Coquette ! my life you’ve blighted ! ”
So wrote the ruined man ;
“ My hand, my love you’ve slighted,
And forgive I never can ! ”

.

The night is wild and stormy,
The wind is bitter cold ;
The new year comes in anger —
With tears departs the old.

The bells ring out the old year —
The bells ring in the new ;
But through the wintry tempest
Their notes of joy are few.

More solemn grows their cadence —
“ Old year,” they seem to say,
“ Thy course was filled with sorrow,
Then why should we be gay ? ”

To a father and a mother,
Of child and hope bereft,
Thus sound the bells of midnight —
For them no joy is left !

Through storm and darkness plodding,
Two figures make their way,
On towards the home of sorrow,
Just ere the break of day.

The one a man, whose muffler
Conceals from view his face ;
A child, beside him running,
Can scarcely keep his place.

They reach the house and tarry —
Then gruffly speaks the man :
“ Hear, and obey my orders
As quickly as you can ;

“ When you are in the window,
Unlock the entry door ;
Then take this piece of paper,
And drop it on the floor ;

“ While I secure the plunder,
You see that you escape ;
Then meet me at the ‘ Starling,’ —
And do the job in shape ! ”

“ Oh ! sir, I hate to do it ” —
So speaks the trembling child,
As, kneeling on the pavement,
He pleads in accents wild ;

“ ’Tis wrong to steal and plunder —
My mother told me so.
Oh ! make me not a robber,
If you to Heaven would go ! ”

“ A curse upon your folly,
And on your mother too !
She drove me to destruction —
I’ll pierce her heart through you ! ”

The trembling boy he seizes,
And lifts the little form
To where a slender window
Is open to the storm.

“ If you fail me, I will kill you ! ”
He hisses in his ear ;
Then thrusts him through the opening,
Now nearly dead with fear !

The hall is dimly lighted,
And still as death the place ;
The boy advances slowly,
With pale and tear-stained face.

At length the doorway reaching,
He stops and looks around,
Attempting to discover
What rescue can be found.

A moment's hesitation —
The door-bell meets his eye —
He'll rouse the sleeping household,
And on their help rely !

He pulls the bell-wire quickly —
A second time and third —
Outside, as well as indoors,
The clamor can be heard !

But ere the startled household
Can reach the fatal spot,
The harassed child has fallen,
By the heartless ruffian shot !

The riddled door thrown open,
A man the father spies,
Just from the doorway running,
And in pursuit he flies.

Now gaining is the burglar —
The father stops and fires
His pistol at the villain,
Who falls and soon expires !

Within the house the mother
Has recognized her child,
And on its bleeding features
She looks with glances wild.

Her husband now reënters
To further horrors find ;
For, by her child she's kneeling,
Deprived of speech and mind !

And in her hand a letter
She holds with nervous grasp ;
She struggles 'gainst his efforts
Her fingers to unclasp.

“ Coquette ! my life you’ve blighted ! ”
So reads the stricken man ;
“ My hand, my love you’ve slighted,
And forgive I never can ! ”

May 27, 1883.

THE MINSTREL'S CURSE.

TRANSLATED FROM THE GERMAN OF UELAND.

LONG ago a castle stood
Which was so high and grand,
It shone far over the country,
Down to the ocean's strand :
Around a blooming circle
Of gardens fresh and green,
With rainbow-gleaming dewdrops,
Of beauty rarely seen.

There sat a haughty monarch —
The lord of hill and dale ;
He sat upon his chair of state,
So gloomy and so pale ;
For what he thought was horror !
And what he looked was wrath !
And what he said was torture !
And what he wrore was death !

Once journeyed to this castle
A noble minstrel pair ;
One with locks of golden hue,
The other gray of hair.

The elder, on a charger,
A harp bore in his hand ;
With springing step the younger
Walked o'er the fertile land.

Then to him spake the elder :
“ Now be prepared, my son :
Recall our warmest verses —
Strike up the fullest tone ;
Draw all our powers together —
Of joy and sorrow sing ;
Remember well our purpose —
To move the haughty king ! ”

Now stand the noble singers
Within the hall of state,
And on the throne are seated
The monarch and his mate.
The king is coldly brilliant,
Like flaming northern light ;
The queen is sweet and loving,
As beams the full moon bright.

The old man sweeps the harpstrings —
He sweeps them with such skill,
That richer, ever richer,
The tones the castle fill :

Now heard in liquid cadence,
The youth's voice, clear and strong —
The father chanting softly,
Like hidden spirits' song.

They sing of joy and sorrow,
The happy home above,
Of freedom, loyalty and truth,
Of peace, and holy love ;
They sing of every passion,
Which moves the hearts of men ;
They sing of all things noble
Of which we have a ken.

The courtiers, in a circle,
Forget each idle jest ;
The monarch's sternest warrior
Feels pity in his breast ;
And, overcome with feeling,
The queen now leaves her seat,
She casts the rose, worn on her breast,
Down at the singer's feet.

“ Ye have my court enchanted !
Bewitch ye now my wife ? ”
The king is mad with passion,
His voice with anger rife ! —

He draws his sword, which gleaming
Strikes deep the young man's breast,
From which high leaps a blood-stream,
Instead of music blessed !

And as by tempest shattered
Is all the noble band,
The gifted youth has breathed his last,
Soothed by the father's hand ;
The father wrapped him in his cloak,
And bore him from the room ;
He bound him to the gallant steed,
And left the place of gloom.

But by the outer archway,
There paused the minstrel old ;
Then seizing on his wondrous harp,
More precious far than gold,
He dashed it down, in anguish wild,
Upon a jagged stone,
And lifting up his trembling hands,
He cried in awful tone :

“ Woe ! woe ! ye mighty castle —
Ne'er more may harp nor song
Be heard within your portals,
Through all the ages long !

No ! sighs alone, and groaning,
And tread of trembling feet,
Till, left to rack and ruin,
My vengeance is complete !

“Woe ! woe ! ye blooming gardens,
So fresh and fair to view,
The features of this awful death
Are what I show to you !
For this ye shall be withered,
Thy springs no more shall flow ;
Ye shall be, in future years,
A place for weeds to grow !

“Woe ! woe ! thou bloody monarch !
Of minstrelsy the bane !
In vain be all thy strivings
For honor or for fame !
Thy name shall be forgotten —
By darkness covered o’er —
Like a last expiring sigh,
Be uttered nevermore !”

The minstrel old has spoken —
To heaven the curse is borne ;
The solid walls are levelled,
The halls of splendor shorn ;

A single lofty column
Tells of departed might,
And that, already shattered,
May crumble in a night.

Around, instead of gardens,
A barren heatherland ;
No tree affords its shelter,
No spring breaks through the sand.
The name of this proud monarch
Lives not in song nor verse —
Deserted and forgotten —
That is the MINSTREL'S CURSE !

May 27, 1877.

FAME, WEALTH AND HONOR.

THREE youths, just starting out in life,
Together came to where three ways
Branched off ; each chose one and went on
Alone, and traveled many days.

Fame led the first — o'er ruggèd paths,
Through forests dark, up endless slopes ;
Until, at length, the wretched slave
Won fame, but lost all nobler hopes.

The second, dazed by riches' glare,
Pushed on, nor heeded human pain ;
Successful in his search for wealth,
A miser, lived his life in vain.

The third took Honor for his guide,
And lived to win an honest name ;
Beloved by all, and much esteemed,
He found, at last, both wealth and fame.

Nov. 25, 1878.

THE LIFE-BOAT.

COME, walk with me by the ocean side,
And list awhile to the murmuring tide ;
The heart-beats of the throbbing sea
Speak many a tale to you and me.

Silence now ! The ripples tell
Of coral cave and mermaid's dell ;
Of wondrous groves, whose aqueous trees
Are never stirred by passing breeze ;

Of treasures hid from mortal eye,
To rescue which 'twere vain to try.
Beneath the waves no footsteps stray ;
No hand shall bear the prize away.

But, hark ! a harsher sound is heard !
A gun — a second — and a third,
In quick succession ; — now a wail
Is borne upon the rising gale !

And o'er the waves, uprising fast,
And lashed to fury by the blast,
Behold a ship ! With furious speed
It dashes on like frightened steed !

On towards the shore, along whose edge
The billows break upon each ledge ;
They seem to beckon with their spray,
As if impatient for their prey.

But see ! swift gliding from the shore,
Each brave tar bending to the oar,
The life-boat, and th' imperilled crew
Behold it, and their hope renew.

On, on they speed — they breast each wave ;
They falter not — there's life to save !
They reach the ship — now down the side
In safety all the sailors glide.

They leave the ship, and towards the shore
Their bow is turned ; and now once more,
With steady strokes the waves they cleave,
And to her fate the vessel leave.

All honor to the noble crew !
All honor to the life-boat true !
They reach the shore, and with a cheer
The watchers greet them at the pier !

How like the ocean is our life —
Now filled with peace, now rent with strife ;
But though the storms be fierce and long,
We're safe in Honor's life-boat strong !

March 31, 1879.

IN THE HAMMOCK.

A SUMMER REVERIE.

IN the hammock, gently swinging,
Sit we both, my love and I,
And I listen to her singing —
Singing as the moments fly.

Swings the hammock, sings the maiden —
Songs of love melodious swell ;
Slowly sinks the god of day, then
Softly sounds the evening bell.

And the maiden ceases singing —
Closer to her side I steal,
While the hammock stops its swinging,
As I then my love reveal.

Now the summer moon, arising,
Shows the blush that burns her cheek —
Lighting up the lips enticing,
Where I for an answer seek.

“ Do you love me ? ” ask I trembling —
Waiting for the answer true ;
Darling maid ! She scorns dissembling,
Gently whispers : “ I love you ! ”

.
In the hammock, gently swinging,
With my pipe alone I lie ;
But no maid to me is singing,
No one answers to my sigh —

Only once I sigh at thinking
How a maid was false as fair —
In the arms of sleep then sinking,
I forget the whole affair !

July 6, 1879.

MIDNIGHT.

'TIS now "the witching hour of night ;"
I hear the solemn midnight bell ;
It warns me of time's restless flight,
Alike through gloomy scenes or bright —
'Tis of another day the knell.

Youth's precious moments quickly fly ;
Unnumbered is each fleeting day,
Until, awakening with a sigh,
As early friends about us die,
We find that youth has passed away.

And now, engrossed with weightier cares,
We rate each day by what is done ;
And though each day its warning bears,
Yet old age strikes us unawares,
And oft before the victory's won.

Then let us heed the warning bell,
And though we may not pleasure shun,
Let moderation with it dwell,
And when we work, our work do well,
For soon our labor here is done.

Oct. 15, 1878.

BLESSED MISFORTUNE.

“**H**AIL! Fortune, smile thy sweetest smile ;
Pour wealth into my lap — and health
And happiness are mine, and friends —
For all will join the train of wealth.”

So spake one, inexperienced, young,
And full of life, and hope and strength.
And Fortune smiled, and then he thought
True happiness he'd found at length.

For friends were many, gay, and merry —
They ate and drank at his expense ;
And did not hesitate to borrow,
Professing friendship most intense.

One day Misfortune joined his friends —
How quickly all the rest then scattered !
Forsaken then and shorn of wealth,
He found his health and credit shattered.

One friend remained to cheer his sorrow,
And lead his thoughts to higher things ;
And now he lives to bless Misfortune,
That gave false friends and riches wings.

Aug. 1, 1881.

LOVE AND PASSION.

I HARDLY dared to tell my love,
It burned so fierce within my breast :
'T was like a vision from above,
With which the chosen ones are blest.

As burns the fire, whose envious flame
Consumes the wealth of toilsome years,
My love burned in my breast the same,
And fed on hope and jealous fears.

As bursts the torrent from the bond
Which Winter's icy shackle binds,
When ardent Spring, with glances fond,
Frees every captive that she finds,

And rushing on, through glen and vale,
With devastation marks its way —
While death and sorrow form its trail.
And life and beauty are its prey —

So passion fierce rushed from my soul,
Which Love from apathy had freed,
And of my peace of mind the whole
Was lost, and all was dark indeed !

But as the torrent passes on,
And is diffused o'er meadows gray.
Its fury calms itself, and soon
Its course is marked with verdure gay.

Less fierce became my passion, too,
Deeper my love, but full of joy ;
And, feeling that my love is true,
Rapture I find without alloy.

May 21, 1881.

BE NOT IDLE.

BE not an idler on this earth,
There's work for all to do ;
A man is judged by what he's worth,
You'll find ere life is through.

However humble he may be,
A man can always rise ;
For knowledge, like the air, is free,
And he can learn who tries.

" Knowledge is power," the proverb says,
By work alone 't is won ;
Then squander not the precious days,
And idle habits shun.

Sept. 15, 1878.

A FALSE HOPE.

“FILL up the bowl, we'll drown our grief,
We'll banish care and sorrow ;
We'll drink, and merry be to-night,
And think not of the morrow !”

And flushed with wine, his trembling hand
The brimming glass holds high ;
He drains the cup — but e'en its power
Cannot prevent a sigh.

Delusive hope ! Grief is not dead —
’Tis only stupefied,
Once more himself, he'll wake to find
His sorrows multiplied.

May 8, 1878.

IN MEMORIAM.

POOR little Gyp ! Thou art no more,
Thy simple life has reached its close ;
I miss thy welcome at the door,
Thy bark no more thy pleasure shows.

Friend of my youth — thy love was pure
And unalloyed by worldly greed ;
No matter whether rich or poor,
Thou wert to me a friend indeed.

How many times we've roamed the hills,
Or wandered by the ocean's wave ;
Unmindful of life's petty ills,
We shared the joy which freedom gave.

When I would turn my mind to thought,
Thou didst not bore with idle talk ;
But when thine ear the signal caught,
Ready thou for romp or walk.

Only a little dog wert thou,
Yet knowing in thine humble way ;
Naught but a collar's left me now
To tell that thou hast had thy day.

A lesson all may learn from thee
Of faithfulness and friendship true ;
Much pleasure hast thou given me —
Rest now in peace — thy life is through.

June 27, 1880.

NATURE'S NOBLEMAN.

HE boasts no "high ancestral name,"
No blue blood courses through his veins;
But in his heart the genial flame
Of honesty its warmth maintains.

His hands are hard with honest toil,
His daily bread by work he wins;
He does not fear his hands to soil,
Unless it be with fraud or sins.

Though rough his voice, and not attuned
In lady's bower to murmur low,
No word of his the loved ones wound,
Nor o'er their lives a shadow throw.

All honor to this noble man —
That is the title his by right
Of Nature, whose unerring plan
Brings such a man to human sight.

July 4, 1880.

"ONLY A HEART."

(A Reply to a Poem entitled 'Nothing Lost But A Heart.')

"NOTHING lost but a heart," it is said —
Ah ! little they know the pain,
Who can lay aside love like a garment,
And easily love again.

For the heart that loves sincerely
Is bound to the heart it adored,
And the parting is not merely
The pain which a blow might afford.

From the pain of the blow we recover,
Nature soon heals up the wound ;
When the heart strings we ruthlessly sever,
To mend them no art can be found.

"Nothing lost but a heart"—yet 'tis mournful
To think of one heart being lost ;
True hearts are rare — most are scornful,
As we all some time find to our cost !

May 12, 1880.

TRUE FRIENDSHIP.

WHEN Fortune cheers us with her smile,
How many friends we number here ;
How eagerly they try each wile
To make their care for us appear.

But when Misfortune comes to grieve,
And knit a frown on Fortune's brow,
How quickly then the false friends leave
And soon to other idols bow.

'Tis then our true friends we shall know,
Their kindness then is freely given ;
Then first we learn that here below
Enough remains to make a heaven.

Nov. 20, 1877.

HYPOCRISY.

I HATE the man whose oily tongue
With loathsome flattery teems ;
Who to my face is full of praise,
And very friendly seems :

But who, as soon as I am gone,
Assumes another air,
And makes remarks, which to my face
To say he would not dare.

Such hypocrites as this, alas,
Too frequently abound ;
But honest friends are very rare,
And should be prized when found.

Oct. 31, 1877.

DREAMING.

WHERE roams the soul when, wrapped in sleep,
Strange fancies come and go?
On heights sublime, in caverns deep,
Does't wander to and fro?

Uncanny forms, as well as those
In beauty's likeness wrought,
Appearing when the eyelids close —
Canst tell me — are they naught?

Or do they come from other climes,
Of other souls the shade?
And do our souls, at certain times,
Some other's dreams invade?

April 15. 1878.

CHARITY.

ALTHOUGH at home it may begin,
It should not there remain ;
But in the world should help allay
The sorrow, want and pain.

The open purse alone proves not
The charitable mind ;
But 't is the sympathetic heart,
Forgiving, patient, kind ;

The cheering word, the helping hand,
The tongue of scandal free —
These are the features in a man,
Which show true charity.

Dec. 5, 1877.

THE LEDGER OF LIFE.

WITH each is kept a strict account,
And every act recorded ;
For evil charged we must atone,
The good will be rewarded.

Then let each one in his account,
Take pains to have the credit,
Which shows the good that he has done,
Be greater than the debit.

Aug. 12, 1877.

LIST NOT TO EVIL.

LIST not to every bitter tongue,
Which always tells of woe,
And greets you with some scandal new,
Wherever you may go.

But rather lend your ear to him,
Who has some good to tell ;
Who 'd rather *help* a man to rise,
Than *speak* of how he fell.

Sept. 24, 1877.

LOVE IN A LANE.

HE wandered down a country lane.
One afternoon in June ;
The feathered choir of Nature's fane
Were joined in merry tune.

On either side a meadow broad
In emerald beauty lay ;
While mild-eyed cattle, on the sward,
Were grazing far away.

But suddenly a form he spied,
A maiden walking, too ;
With new-born zeal he quickly hied
To get a closer view.

She wandered on ; with native grace
Her every movement fraught ;
A perfect form — " I'm sure her face
Must be divine," he thought.

He reached her side — his fondest dream
Of beauty there was found !
A perfect Venus she did seem,
With golden ringlets crowned.

Advancing with his sweetest smile,
And hat in hand, he said :
“ I’ve wanted wife for quite a while —
Pray tell me — are you wed ? ”

The answer came, in accents low,
Her manner sweet and coy :
She did not answer “ yes ” or “ No,”
But simply : “ *What d’ye say ?* ”

Feb. 12, 1878.

APOSTROPHE TO A DEMON.

AFTER BYRON.

THERE is a demon in this land of ours,
There are flash papers sold in many a store,
There is a worm that gnaws the fairest flowers
And scatters seeds of crime from shore to shore ;
It helps make virtue less and evil more ;
It preys on youths and boys, from whom it steals
The all they may have or have had before
Of honor and of virtue, and appeals
To evil passions, and their moral ruin seals.

Be gone, thou black and monstrous fiend — away !
Ten thousand voices warn thee, not in vain ;
Man marks thine aim to ruin and thy way
Of making vice heroic, and 't is plain
That thou must quickly go, nor shall remain
A shadow of thy ravage — save alone
The soulless men who used by thee to gain.
Thou 'lt sink into the depths without a groan,
Without a grave, unknelled, uncoffined and unknown!

Oct. 13, 1878.

A SOLILOQUY.

À LA HAMLET.

HELL, or no Hell, that is the question : —
Whether 't is the fate of man to suffer
The slings and arrows of outrageous nature
Here on earth ; or when they die, to feel
The tortures of an endless hell ? To rave, to groan,
Forever ; or, for each act, each evil deed,
Each failing, e'en the thousand follies light
That flesh is prone to — here to suffer
And atone for ?

April 10, 1878.

THE WITTY THIEF.

IN Cambridge town, in days of old,
There lived a man, as we are told,
Who boots and shoes did make and sell,
And used to deal in rhymes as well.

But trade grew dull — no cash receiving,
At last this cobbler took to thieving ;
But one day caught, they put our friend
Into the stocks, his ways to mend.

And round about the students staring,
Laugh to see him take his airing ;
And then demand of him a ditty —
To sing them something quaint and witty.

Hardly daring to refuse them,
Nor to openly abuse them,
Appearing there in such a plight —
This doggerel he does recite :

“ Sure Cambridge is a famous town,
Renowned for wit and knowledge :
’Tis there they put the *rogues* in stocks,
And send the *fools* to college ! ”

July 18, 1878.

LINES FOR AN ALBUM.

LAST night I had an awful dream ;
My frame with terror shook ;
A demon stood beside my bed,
He pointed to a book.

I gazed upon the open page,
And fearful was the sight —
'T was blank ; and then I knew that I
Some poetry must write.

I racked my brain, I tore my hair —
My thoughts they would not come ;
I could not think of anything
To write in that album.

“ Then you are mine,” the demon cried,
And seized me in his rage.
But I awoke ; and now I see
That I have filled this page.

June 17, 1877.

"THE ERL-KING."

AFTER GOETHE — SOME WAYS.

(The following note accompanied the original publication of this parody :—
 " Messrs. Thomas & Talbot, Dear Sirs :—In No. 40 of "The Union" you published Mr. William L. Whiting's version of Goethe's celebrated poem, ' Wer reitet so spat durch Nacht und Wind ? ' The enclosed is my version, and I think it partakes more of the German spirit than the very excellent one of Mr. Whiting. Hoping that you will give it due consideration, I remain, very respectfully yours, C. E. S."

WHO rides so late, through wind and night ?
 It is a man, and he is tight ;
 He holds his boy fast by the arm,
 He rubs his ears to keep them warm.

" My son, my son, why dost thou fear ? "
 " Father," said he, " I've spilt the beer —
 The beer so fresh with fleecy foam — "
 " My son, just let me get you home ! "

" Thou bully boy, come go with me,
 We will have a right jolly spree ;
 Much beer is in my cellars deep ;
 My mother dost most soundly sleep."

“ Father, father, and don’t you hear
What Erl-king says about his beer ? ”
“ Be still, my son, that trick has n’t taken —
Another word, and you ’ll get shaken ! ”

“ Come, Johnny, don’t you want to go,
And see what I have got to show ?
My daughters three are always tight,
They ’ll sing to thee with all their might. ”

“ Father, father, and don’t you see
Erl-king’s daughters ? — they wink at me ! ”
“ My son, well now, I see it, lad,
You are as tight as your old dad ! ”

“ I like you, and I like my beer,
So come along and share my cheer ? ”
“ Father, father, I have a pain !
Quickly get me out of the rain ! ”

His dad was scared, and rode so fast,
That through the woods he quickly passed ;
He reached his home at early dawn,
Out from his arms the boy had gone !

Sept. 10, 1873.

TO MY "T. D."

LET others sing Manilla's praise,
Havana or Key West,
Or e'en the dainty cigarette —
I choose "T. D." — the best.

Thou art a friend that's ever true,
Nor dost one's purse deplete ;
Thou 'rt always ready, too, to help
Make happiness complete.

When evening shades are gathering 'round,
And gentle zephyrs play,
I seek my hammock and "T. D.",
And puff dull care away.

Sept. 5, 1877.

MODERN LOVE.

BEFORE me hung a pair of scales,
Of cardboard, silk and thread,
And none who sees them ever fails
To learn, if he has read
The words there worked in letters bright,
The lesson it would teach ;
For, if they be but read aright,
A sermon they would preach.

“ Modern love,” the one side says,
The other says “ Beware ! ”
A bleeding heart in one dish lays,
Gold does the other bear.
The coin weighs down the bleeding heart,
To show that “ modern love ”
Of avarice is but a part,
And comes not from above.

That gold is much more prized, it shows,
By men and women too,
Than honesty, and all that goes
To make a lover true.

They do not know the worth of hearts,
Nor feel affection's ties,
And to the joy which love imparts,
Can never hope to rise.

But true love lives in spite of greed,
And "modern love's" a cheat ;
The human heart still feels the need
Of something pure and sweet —
Of something more than wealth can buy,
Or rank or power procure —
It needs the rapture from on high,
Which true love will secure.

Jan. 7, 1882.

AN EPIGRAM.

“WIT is a feather,” the poet has said —
If so, then the stupid can win it ;
But he who the most wears outside the head,
Will always the least have within it.

For feathers and flounces, though oft worn by wits,
Are more often by half-wits displayed.
Let any one wear it, on whom the coat fits,
Though none will accept, I’m afraid.

Jan. 16, 1879.

SONGS OF LOVE.

YOU AND I.

DOST remember the night,
When down by the sea,
With Luna's pale light
Falling soft upon thee,
I knelt at thy feet,
Thy warm hand in mine,
And felt that each beat
Of my heart was with thine?
My story was told,
My love was confessed ;
I rose to enfold
Thy form to my breast.

Another you've wed,
But I'll wager a V,
Naught to him you have said
Of that night by the sea !

Dec. 7, 1877.

POUR MA CHÈRE.

Oh ! tell me, fair moon, with thy face serene,
As thou beamest mild on each peaceful scene,

Dost see *ma chère*,
That maiden fair,
Of my soul the joy, of my heart the queen ?

Is she gazing now, with her dark-gray eye,
Into thy face in the cloudless sky ?

Does she think of me,
As she looks on thee,
And breathe for her absent love a sigh ?

Sept. 2, 1878.

STARLIGHT.

Clear is the night. In the blue, cloudless sky
Thousands of stars meet my uplifted eye ;

But far brighter to me
Is the light which I see
In thine eye, than all stars can supply.

Their glances are cold, though ever so bright
They sparkle and gleam on the bosom of night ;

But the glance of thine eye,
Although timid and shy,
Makes joy in my heart, for 't is full of Love's light.

March 12, 1879.

FAR AWAY.

The wind blows cold from the northern skies,
And its voice is full of moans and sighs ;
And to mine ear it seems to say,
The light of my life is far away.

Far away is my love to-night —
Far away from my longing sight ;
But she is ever, far or near,
“ Though lost to sight, to memory dear ! ”

I close mine eyes and in fancy see
The face that I know will smile on me,
When the morrow comes and the wind is stilled,
And my heart with perfect joy is filled.

Then blow, ye winds, and sigh and moan,
And make the most of your dismal groan ;
For to-morrow I'll be with my love once more,
And we 'll tell the old, old story o'er.

Jan. 7. 1881.

LOVE'S ANSWER.

You ask me why I love thee —
What charm enslaves my heart,
And what it is about thee,
That guided Cupid's dart.

Go ask the drop, that rises
From ocean's boundless breast,
What master force entices
It from its place of rest ;

Go ask the trees in May-time,
What charms their buds unfold ;
Or clouds, at close of day-time,
What makes them gleam like gold.

The Sun their love engrosses —
Thou art the Sun to me :
I love, as love the roses,
Because my Sun loves me !

March 18, 1883.

FAREWELL.

The end has come ! Good-bye, sweet dreams !
Widely apart our paths must be.
I must not tremble, nor weep, nor start,
I must hide this torturing pain at my heart,
And utter my farewell carelessly.

Good-bye, dear eyes, that have haunted me so —
Fond lips with kisses no more for me !
I'll *dream* of thee, though ; and in fancy oft,
I shall feel the pressure of fingers soft,
And the bliss of a kiss from thee !

Farewell ! farewell ! may the future be
Replete with happiness for thee :
May you find a heart that will love as true,
As the heart that no more may beat for you,
Except it in secret be.

Nov. 25, 1874.

THINE EYES.

I gaze into thine eyes and seem to see
The soul, that through them seeks the light of day !
And as their lovelit glances rest on me,
I feel the mystic presence of its ray.

In those gray orbs my image I can see ;
But does it leave its impress on my soul ?
My soul is filled with images of thee,
And so of thine I fain would fill the whole !

April 20, 1882.

SKETCHES

LOVE AND MUSIC.

“ Music! Oh, how faint, how weak,
Language fades before thy spell!
Why should feeling ever speak,
When thou canst breathe her soul so well ? ”

THERE is something about music which raises the true lover of it far above earthly things, and gives him a veritable glimpse of heaven, yet how few there are who can really appreciate it and give themselves up entirely to its mysterious charm !

But it is apt to unfit a man for the practical duties of life. Not long since I heard a smart and prosperous business man say, after listening to an opera, “ It wouldn’t annoy me a particle to hear *now* that I was unexpectedly bankrupt, for I am perfectly happy ! ” Such was the all-absorbing influence of music.

The following incident in the life of a friend of mine, who is passionately fond of music, was related to me by himself; and, as he has granted me permission, I will tell it as nearly in his own words as I can :

After I graduated from college, I made a tour of Europe, partly for my health, and partly for information. Wearied with the sight-seeing and travel, I found myself at K., a quaint old town in Italy, and

there determined to pass a couple of months in quiet and study.

I rented a room and lived the life of a recluse, making but few acquaintances among the town-folks. I never went out till dusk, and then I used to take a ramble through the town and out on to the champaign.

One evening, as I sauntered along past an old cathedral, which I had never had the curiosity to enter, I heard the sound of an organ within. I stopped and listened; the performer was playing a voluntary I had heard a hundred times, but with a power and expression that filled me with delight.

I stood enraptured until the last notes died away. I waited over an hour in the vain hope of hearing more; but the organist had evidently retired, so I returned home.

The next evening I sought the cathedral at an earlier hour than on the previous day. I was rewarded by hearing some of the works of the masters interpreted in a manner which brought out beauties and meanings hitherto undreamed of by me.

I wondered who the performer could be, and watched the door till a late hour to catch a glimpse of him or her coming out. But it did not open, and I retired unsatisfied. The following day I hunted up the sexton; he was an old man, simple and frank.

I talked with him a while concerning the cathedral, and finally asked who played the organ in the evening.

“It is an English girl, Miss Bertha Courtland, who is spending the winter here.”

"May I go inside and listen?" I asked.

"If you'll not let her know you're there. She'll not play if she thinks there's any one present. She comes at seven; if you're here at half past, I'll let you in."

How slowly the afternoon wore away! The minutes seemed hours until seven o'clock came, when I started for the cathedral. The sexton admitted me, admonishing me again not to betray my presence.

The place was dark, except at one corner, where some candles were kept always burning before an altar, and at the organ, where a single lamp cast its rays on the music rack.

Seated at the key-board was a girlish form. She was turning over some music. I took a seat in a dark corner and prepared to listen. She played a short voluntary, and then the magnificent strains of *Gloria in Excelsis* burst forth.

I sat like one in a trance; I was intoxicated with delight; I closed my eyes, and it seemed as if a choir of angels was joining in the sublime song!

The *Gloria* finished, the fair organist broke into a wild melody, full of passion and fire; then changing, as a boat gliding from where the bosom of the ocean ripples and sparkles beneath the noon-day sun, into the dark shadow of some high cliff, where the waves dash with a sullen roar on the jagged rocks, the melody glided into a mournful key.

There were sighs and groans of anguish, and even the wail of the dying!

The tears rolled down my cheeks and I felt as if I had lost some dear friend.

Suddenly the music ceased. I raised my eyes and beheld the organist with her head bowed on the keys. How I longed to speak to her and share the grief which I knew was racking her !

She remained motionless so long that I feared she was ill. Cautiously I approached the organ, till I could see her face by the light of the lamp.

It was beautiful — nay, more than that, angelic, but pale as death — she had fainted.

I hastened to her side. A glass of water stood on a table near by, and I seized it and began bathing her temples.

Presently the color returned to her cheeks, and she opened her eyes. She did not seem surprised at seeing me, but murmured :

“ Frank ! ”

I knew not what to say.

“ No, you are not Frank,” she added ; “ but you look like him, so you must be kind, noble, and generous ! ”

I told her who I was and how I came to be there. I also offered to escort her home.

“ You are very kind,” she said ; “ it is only a few steps though, for I am staying with the sexton’s wife.”

The rest of my story is soon told. Our first interview was followed by others ; she related to me the simple story of her life ; she had come to K. with her brother, Frank, an invalid and her only relative,

But Death had taken him from her, and she was alone in the world when I found her.

Every evening she played for me ; and, in the solemn stillness of the old cathedral, I told her the old, old story.

My love was reciprocated, and we were soon wedded in the shadow of the organ that echoed so faithfully the feelings of her heart.

My happiness is complete, and to-morrow evening, if agreeable to you, I will present you to the sweetest and best little woman that ever blessed man's lot !

April 12, 1878.

"WANTED — A BOY."

J. ARISTOTLE SMITH is a disciple of his immortal namesake — in other words, he is a doctor, a duly educated, confirmed, recognized, and practicing M. D. He lives at the South End, and his splendid residence forms a unit in a block of houses, which is an ornament to one of our most aristocratic avenues. His practice is extensive, and keeps him busy pretty much the whole of the time, day and night.

In addition to a young medical student, who assists him in the office, and visits his *poor* patients, he employs a boy of about twelve years of age, whose duty it is to keep the office clean, take care of the fires in the house, run errands, and do other chores.

The position is an important but not a particularly desirable one, though the incumbent of the office draws the munificent salary of one dollar a week and his board, and exists in the hope of receiving, from time to time, presents of sundry articles of cast-off clothing, and once in a while an extra twenty-five cents for running on an errand or holding a horse for one of the doctor's patients. The position was, and still is filled

by a bright and witty Irish lad, named Jimmy Nolan, whose mother was a poor washerwoman.

Now, I am going to tell you how Jimmy came near losing his place, and by a piece of strategy worthy of a mightier mind, still retains it. The doctor is always very particular to have somebody ready to take his horse to the stable when he returns from visiting his patients, and Jimmy is expected to be ready, when it is time for the doctor to return, to jump into the carriage and drive to the stable.

On one of the coldest days during the visit of the "cold wave," in January last, the doctor returned somewhat earlier than usual, half-frozen with the cold, and in rather a bad temper. He drove up to the door of his house and waited for Jimmy to appear. He waited for half an hour, so it appeared to him, though in reality it was only two minutes. Then he jumped out, made fast the horse to the hitching-post, and rushed into the office in a towering rage.

A sight met his gaze that still more incensed him and fairly made him boil with wrath. By the side of the comfortable grate fire, in the doctor's "Sleepy Hollow" armchair, sat the faithless chore-boy, fast locked in the arms of Somnus, while his ears were greeted with an unmistakable snore from the throat of the sleeping youth.

His anger was so great that he was unable to articulate a word, but seizing the poker, which stood by the fire, he played a tattoo with it upon the shins of his unsuspecting and unconscious victim. Jimmy, not

Being able to appreciate such forcible fondling, set up a shriek and leaped to his feet, alighting full and squarely on the doctor's favorite corn.

At this the worthy but irate M. D. found voice, and, while hopping about the room on one foot, in perfect agony, he apostrophized the terror-stricken youth something after this fashion :

“ You young imp of Satan — you blockhead — you dolt — you — you — ”

But the pain overcame him, and sinking into the armchair lately occupied by Jimmy, he began pulling off his boot, while the flush on his face and the twitching of his mouth told of mingled anger and pain.

Jimmy stood where he had landed, his knees shaking, and his face expressing the greatest fear and consternation.

The boot at length came off, and the doctor felt somewhat relieved. Then, turning his gaze on the trembling culprit, he gently murmured :

“ Clear out of this, you rascal, and take care of the horse, and don't stand there grinning like a born idiot. Do you hear ? ” he continued, making a pass towards the poker again.

Jimmy *did* hear, and waited not for a second deal at “ poker,” but “ saw the doctor's blind and straddled it ” out of the office, leaving the wrathful M. D. muttering passages of scripture to himself. (It sounded like scripture to any one at a distance, though I can't say positively that it was *all* scripture.)

When Jimmy returned, after half an hour, the

doctor had recovered from the effects of passion and his smashed corn, and was seated before the fire, smoking his pipe and toasting his shins.

But this outward calm boded no good to the unfortunate offender. No sooner had Jimmy entered the office, than he was told not to take off his coat, and ordered to carry a note to the office of one of the evening papers. He departed on his errand, but his mind was filled with misgivings. He mistrusted that the note he was carrying was nothing more nor less than an advertisement for a boy to fill his place in the office of Doctor J. Aristotle Smith.

This suspicion grew into a conviction, and the conviction became so strong in Jimmy's mind, that ere he reached the newspaper office he determined to make sure of it, and gliding into a friendly alley-way, he proceeded, I am sorry to say, to peruse the note which was intrusted to his care. His worst fears were realized. The note read as follows :

“ WANTED.—A boy to do chores in a doctor's office; must be neat and *wide-awake*, and of good character. No others need apply at 10,375 C—— Ave., before 9 o'clock.”

Jimmy Nolan, however, was not one of the despairing kind, and he calmly proceeded to his destination, left the notice, and started to return to No. 10,375.

But on his way back he passed through the quarters where his mother lived and where he had spent his boyish days, and interviewed sundry of his acquaint-

ances among the unwashed youth of that neighborhood.

Nothing more was said by the doctor that night, and Jimmy did the chores as usual and went to bed. The next morning, ere the rising sun glistened on the gilded dome of the State-House, there was a loud and impatient ring at the doorbell of No. 10,375 C—— Ave.

Jimmy, as was his custom, answered the bell, and found a boy of about twelve, arrayed in well-worn raiment, and slapping his hands to keep them warm. He nodded to Jimmy, who whispered a few words to the caller, and went up stairs to speak to the doctor.

“What do you want?” came in smothered tones from the doctor, after Jimmy had knocked at the door several times.

“There’s a boy to see you at the door,” replied Jimmy.

“What does he want?”

“He wouldn’t tell me ; said he wanted to see you particularly.”

“Well, tell him I will be down in a minute.”

Jimmy retired, and pretty soon the doctor entered his office, expecting to see a messenger from some one of his patients, requiring his immediate presence.

Not at all ! The boy was seated with his hat on, in the easy-chair front of the fire, and at the doctor’s entrance he jumped up and commenced :

“Please, sir, I came to work for you.”

“What do you mean?” asked the doctor in surprise,

“Why, didn’t you advertise for a boy to do chores?”

The doctor was indignant. The idea of calling him out of bed at that unseasonable hour to engage a boy to do chores! It was outrageous! He knew not how to express his sense of indignation. He pointed to the door and yelled, “Clear out!”

The boy didn’t wait for a second invitation, but cleared out, leaving the outside door open behind him.

The doctor slammed the door to, and stamped off up stairs to bed again, giving vent to his emotions in expressions more powerful than elegant.

Scarcely had he got into a comfortable doze again, than there was another long and loud clanging of the doorbell.

By this time the hired girl was up and she answered the summons. Another boy wanted to see the doctor. The girl went up and spoke to him.

“Mr. Smith, there’s a boy at the dure wants ter see yer.”

“What does he want?” gasped the doctor.

“Shure an’ he says somethin’ ’bout a ’vertisement in the paper,” replied Norah.

“Tell him to call at half past eight.”

The girl departed and the doctor turned over for another nap. Scarcely two minutes elapsed before the girl returned and said the boy wouldn’t go.

Before the doctor could reply, the bell rang again, and the girl went to answer it. ’Twas still another boy! The girl informed the doctor, and he told her to have them wait in the office.

He then tried to get to sleep again, but 'twas no use ; the doorbell kept up a continual clatter, and after it had rung *sixteen* times, the doctor sprang out of bed, said something that sounded like a morning prayer, and rushed down to the office, taking two steps at a jump.

On opening the office door, he was startled by a spectacle which made him even more angry than he had been when he discovered Jimmy asleep. The room was full of boys of all ages, from eight to eighteen, in every stage of raggedness and dirt, and all with their hats on, while several were smoking clay pipes, and one was standing before the grate chewing tobacco and squirting the juice in the direction of the fire.

The doctor was nonplussed — dumbfounded — thunderstruck. He leaned against the door for support, and gasped :

“What does this mean ? ”

Then arose such a babel of voices as nearly deafened the hearer. Each of the eighteen or twenty boys present began talking at the top of his voice, striving to make himself heard above the general din. The doctor tried to stop them, but 'twas of no avail. The only words distinguished were :

“Advertisement” — “Chore-boy” — “Nine o'clock.”

The doctor was trembling with passion, and shouted at the top of his voice :

“Clear out, every one of you ! ”

No attention was paid to his words, and the

confusion only increased instead of diminishing.

Rendered desperate, the doctor rushed out upon the street bareheaded, crying :

“I’ll call the police, and see if they won’t make you clear out !”

He ran down the street and soon encountered one of the guardians of the peace, with whom he returned to the house.

The doctor burst into the office, expecting to encounter the mob he had left in possession ; but the sole occupant of the room was Jimmy Nolan, who, with a demure look on his face, was washing a huge stain of tobacco juice from the grate.

The doctor dismissed the policeman, and after directing Jimmy to tell all the applicants that he had got a chore-boy, went up stairs to finish out his nap.

Jimmy is still at work for Doctor Smith, who has no suspicion of the former’s stratagem regarding the advertisement headed :

“WANTED — A BOY.”

April 29, 1876.

THE ELOPEMENT.

THE old gentleman had been constantly growing more excited during the interview. His rubicund face grew redder still, and the veins stood out like whip-cords on his forehead. The young man, who had been excitedly pacing the room as he talked, stopped in front of him, and bringing his clenched fist down upon the table with a force that made the pens dance in the rack, exclaimed :

“ These are not idle boastings, Mr. Hardcash ; I can prove all that I assert. I can show you — ”

“ Silence ! ” roared the exasperated father. “ I don’t want to see ; leave me, and never darken my doors again ! ”

“ But, my dear sir, let me tell you — ”

“ Will you leave ? I won’t listen to you. Here, John ! ”

The servant entered the room in answer to the call.

“ Just let me explain — ”

“ Silence ! John, show Mr. Talbot out. Don’t ever let me see you again, young man ; and if you as much as look at my daughter again, I’ll prosecute you. Don’t speak to me ; leave ! ”

The servant was holding the door open for him to pass out.

“ I am sorry — ”

“ Silence ! ”

Tom Talbot passed out, and the servant closed the door after him. He jammed his hat upon his head, and strode down the path to the gate.

His hand was on the latch ; he took one look back in hopes of catching a glimpse of his Helen.

There she was at the window, and she made a sign for him to wait ; so he strolled out at the gate, and down the street.

She soon overtook him, and they walked along together.

“ What did father say, dear Tom ? ” she inquired, anxiously.

“ He kicked me out of the house,” said Tom, savagely.

“ You don’t mean to say he used violence towards you, Tom ? ”

“ Well, no ; I was speaking metaphorically. He told John to ‘ show me out,’ which is the same theoretically as kicking me out.”

“ Never mind your metaphorically and theoretically — what did he say ? ”

“ He said ‘ silence ! ’ that’s all he would say, except to tell me never again to darken his door. He wouldn’t talk himself, nor let me talk.”

“ Then I suppose we must part,” said Helen, with a sob.

“Not if my name’s Tom Talbot!” returned the owner of that cognomen, with vehemence. “Do you think I am a baby, to be bullied by an old curmud— Beg pardon — an old gentleman, I should say. No, not if you will stand by me.”

“I will, I will, dear Tom!”

“And you won’t marry that young popinjay, Frederick Fitz-Noodle?”

“No, never.”

“Not even if he will take up your father’s note when it comes due?”

“No, no.”

“And your father insists on your having him?”

“No.”

“And you’ll be true to me, poor as I am, and much as your father dislikes me?”

“Yes, dearest Tom, yes.”

“Then we’ll elope!”

“What! elope? O Tom, I can’t!”

“Yes, you can; I’ll arrange it all. Just do as I tell you, and it will be all right. We’ll elope, and when we get through our wedding-trip, we’ll come back and live with the old cur — gentleman.”

“But, Tom, I don’t understand — ”

“Never mind if you don’t. I don’t want you to understand. You have confidence in me?”

“Yes, dear Tom, I trust all to you.”

“Then follow my directions. I will send you a note to-morrow; you drop it on the stairs unopened. To-morrow night go to bed early — tell your father

you are sleepy. Don't undress, but wait till you hear your father leave the house and drive off in a carriage. Then put on your outside things, and meet me at the side door. I have arranged it all with your servant-girl, Betty. Do you understand?"

"Yes. But, Tom, father never goes out in the evening."

"I'll arrange that. Just do your part according to directions, and leave the rest to me. And now I must leave you, as I have a lot to do. *Au revoir*, my love, till to-morrow night."

They had reached a secluded street. Tom pressed his lips to hers a moment, and then was off. She watched him out of sight, and then returned home.

After Tom's expulsion from the house, Mr. Hardcash sat for some time, gasping like a fish out of water. He was very choleric, and also very short-winded. Finally, however, he recovered his temper and his breath, and called for John.

That worthy answered the call promptly.

"John," said his master, "don't you ever let that young scapegrace into the house again."

"No, sir."

"And, John, I want you to see that I have all the letters that come to the house before anybody else sees them."

"Yes, sir."

"And, John, I want you to keep your eyes open, and if you discover anything of a suspicious character, let me know of it."

"Yes, sir."

"That will do, John. You may go."

That night was a sleepless one for Mr. Hardcash. He was on the verge of financial ruin. He had a note to pay the next day of ten thousand dollars, and no funds with which to meet it. He was considered to be wealthy, but his property was mortgaged heavily to make good a number of extensive losses.

His only hope was in Frederick Fitz-Noodle, a wealthy young man, who promised to pay the note in case Helen would consent to be his wife.

Morning dawned at last on Mr. Hardcash's weary eyes, and breakfast was scarcely over when Mr. Frederick Fitz-Noodle was announced.

He was shown into the library, where Mr. Hardcash was seated.

"Good-morning, my dear Mr. Fitz-Noodle. Pray be seated. I suppose you came to obtain my daughter's answer to the proposal with which you honored her?"

"Yes," drawled Mr. Fitz-Noodle, "that's what I came for. But where is the charming young lady?"

"I have sent for her; she'll be here in a moment."

"Exactly. Well, ah! you think she will have me?"

"No doubt about it."

"Then the money's yours, my dear fellah. I have the check made out, and will sign it when she accepts it, you know, ah!"

"Well, I hear her coming, and I have no doubt her answer will be satisfactory."

“ Good - morning, my dear Miss Hardcash, or Helen, as I hope I may be allowed to call you,” said Mr. Fitz-Noodle, making a low bow to the lady as she entered the room.

“ Don’t flatter yourself, Mr. Fitz-Noodle. I sha’n’t give you the right to call me anything but Miss Hardcash.”

“ What ! ” shrieked her father.

“ What ! ” gasped the astonished suitor.

“ Just what I say,” she replied. “ I don’t mean to marry you, Mr. Fitz-Noodle, so you might as well take your departure with your check unsigned. I am not a slave, to be bought and sold with your money.”

“ But, my daughter,” expostulated her father.

“ No buts about it,” she returned, decidedly. “ Come ruin, come anything, I shall not sell myself for money.”

Her father urged, entreated, and threatened her, but with no effect ; she couldn’t be moved. At length he flew into a passion, nothing unusual with him, and sent her from the room.

Mr. Fitz-Noodle took up his hat to leave.

“ Can’t you lend me the money if she don’t have you ? She may change her mind.”

“ No, I can’t, really. Business is business, you know, ah ! ”

“ And you won’t take my note for the amount ? ”

“ No, I can’t, you know, ah ! ”

“ Well, go to grass with your money ! ” cried the choleric old gentleman, losing all his hope and his

temper at the same time. The young man made a hasty exit, followed by a decided oath from Mr. Hardcash.

“I never saw anything work so badly,” fumed the disappointed man. “Just as I thought I had everything arranged to save myself, Helen, the ungrateful hussy, must needs upset everything by her obstinacy.”

His soliloquy was interrupted by the entrance of John, whose face wore an expression of profound satisfaction, and who carried in his hand a letter.

“What is that?” asked Mr. Hardcash, as he took the letter.

“Something I picked up on the stairs; it is directed to Miss Hardcash.”

“She hasn’t read it, I see,” remarked the father as he broke the seal.

The contents fairly made him boil over with rage. It ran as follows :

“DEAREST HELEN : — I have arranged all. We will elope to-night. At nine o’clock I will be at the side door with a pair of horses and a close carriage. I have a minister engaged, and ere morning we will be far out of reach of your old tyrant of a father, and you shall be the dear little wife of your devoted Tom.”

“‘Old tyrant of a father,’ indeed !” said Mr. Hardcash. “A nice little plot, but ‘there’s many a slip ‘twixt the cup and the lip,’ my fine fellow, and I shall be ready for you. My daughter shall be locked in her room, and we’ll see if she will be your ‘dear little wife.’”

He folded the letter up and put it in his pocket. Then he set about making arrangements to frustrate the elopement.

Night came at last. Helen complained of a headache, and retired early. Her father saw that she was locked into the room, and the key safe in his pocket.

Then he chuckled to himself, and laid in wait for poor Tom.

Nine o'clock came, and still the old gentleman sat and watched the side door.

Ten minutes later John came running to his master in breathless haste.

"Please, sir, they've gone!" he gasped. "I saw Miss Helen go out at the front door just now, and the young man met her, and they jumped into a carriage, and drove down street."

"Dolt!" yelled the father, "why didn't you stop them?"

"I couldn't. Miss Helen was outside the door before I noticed her."

"Put the horse in the carriage, quick! I must overtake them."

John flew to obey the order, and Mr. Hardcash, in desperate haste, put on his overcoat and hat, and rushed out to help harness. A drizzling rain was falling, and the night was unusually dark.

It took but a minute to harness, and Mr. Hardcash started off at a fast rate in the direction John told him the runaways had taken.

The road led to the next town, which was six miles

distant, and to which the couple were evidently fleeing.

The father calculated to overtake them before they reached the town, and if he failed in that, to arrive on the scene in time to stop their little arrangement.

So he urged on his horse, and the rain beat in his face, and the mud flew, and the darkness shrouded the earth from view, but his mind was bent on overtaking the fugitives, and he paid no heed to his disagreeable surroundings.

He had traveled about five miles without seeing or hearing anything, when suddenly his horse brought up with a jerk. Evidently something was ahead. He peered into the gloom, and made out the outlines of a covered carriage. It was surely the one he was pursuing.

“Stop !” he shouted.

They only increased their speed. He whipped up his horse, and kept closed to them.

“Stop !” he called again. “Give up my daughter !”

“Not much, old man !” came from the forward carriage, in a masculine voice.

“I’ll prosecute you, you thief !” yelled Mr. Hard-cash.

There was no reply to this threat ; the father tried to drive up side of the other carriage, but the darkness and the fleetness of the other horse prevented him.

And so they kept on, and before long they entered the town.

The first carriage drew up before the hotel, and Mr. Hardcash stopped likewise.

He sprang to the ground, and rushed to the other carriage. A man was just helping a female out. The light shone brightly on her face. It was Betty !

He looked at the man. It was one of his own men. He was astonished — thunderstruck !

“What are you doing here ? Where is my daughter ?” he asked.

“I left her in her chamber,” said Betty with a grin.

Mr. Hardcash was unable to speak. His anger was so great that he gasped for breath.

Betty slipped into the house, and her escort remained to see what his employer would do.

After a short pause, during which he stood like one just awakened from a dream, Mr. Hardcash got into his carriage again, and turned his horse’s head homeward.

He drove at a more moderate pace than he had maintained when he passed over the road before.

At the house once more, he threw the reins to John, who was awaiting his arrival, and started into the house.

He had scarcely got inside the door when a pair of soft arms were thrown about his neck, and a pair of warm lips pressed to his.

“Forgive me, dear father,” pleaded his daughter, “for deceiving you ; but I did as Tom told me, and now I’m his wife, and here’s your note paid.”

“What do you mean ?” he sputtered.

“Tom paid it. But come in, and get off your wet clothes, and we will tell you all about it.”

Completely dazed, and clutching the note in his hand, he allowed himself to be led into the sitting-room.

Tom met them at the door, his face wreathed in smiles. He took his father-in-law's coat and hat, while Helen conducted him to his easy-chair in front of the open fire.

His thoughts were so absorbed in the possession of his note, that he didn't appear to notice who was in the room.

“There, father,” said Helen, taking a low seat at his feet ; “now dear Tom will tell you all about it.”

“Yes, sir,” said Tom, stepping up, “I'll explain all. You see I have paid your note. I am well off. My uncle, who was a wealthy merchant, left me his entire fortune at his death, two years ago.

“I lived in the city, then, and of course when I came into possession of this property, I was courted by everybody, but particularly by mammas and papas with marriageable daughters. They fairly disgusted me with their attentions ; and though I had a great desire to be married and settle down, I had a horror of being married for my money.

“Finally, I determined to seek a place where I was unknown, and, while pretending to be poor, see if I could find a wife who would love me for myself alone.

“I came here, as you know, a year ago, and went to work for 'Squire Tracey. I met your daughter,

and fell in love with her. You frowned on my suit, and I determined to win her as a poor man. I have done so. She loves me, as every wife should love her husband — better than parents, better than riches, better than power, better than everything except her Maker.

“When I learned of your embarrassment, I tried to help you, but you refused to listen to me, and drove me from your house. As a last resort, I planned this elopement. I wrote the letter which came into your hands, and Helen dropped it on the stairs unopened purposely. I procured the assistance of Betty to play the eloping young lady, and your man to elope with her.

“As I expected, you started after them. As soon as you had gone, Helen left her room, to which she had an extra key, and met me at the door, where I had a carriage ready to take us to the parson’s, to whom I had confided my plot, and who was ready to marry us on our arrival.

“To-day I took up your note, and deposited an amount equal to it in the bank to your credit.

“And now what do you say? Shall we seek a new home, or will you accept me as your son-in-law, and let us remain here to keep you company?”

The father could say but one thing. Relieved of his pecuniary trouble, which had benumbed his better nature, his paternal feelings once more awoke to action, and, with tears in his eyes, he stretched out his hands over the heads of Tom and Helen, who

were now kneeling at his feet, and murmured in trembling tones :

“Bless you, my children, bless you ! and may you always be as happy as I am at the present moment.”

Od. I, 1877.

ANCIENT ARMS AND ARMOR.

NATURE has given to man but one weapon — in a limited sense of the word — the arm. Of its efficiency no more striking demonstration can be given than the skill and force with which an experienced boxer will use it.

When Adam lost his position as gardener in Eden, and was obliged to earn his living outside as best he could, the only weapon we know of his possessing was his arm ; and he and his children must have become quite expert in the use of their fists. These would answer when the enemy was within reach ; but often they wished to attack something at a distance, and then these primitive people were undoubtedly accustomed to throw stones.

But it did not take many centuries to discover that stones could be thrown farther and with more accurate aim by the aid of an additional appliance, and the result of this discovery was the invention of the sling, the first artificial weapon used by man. This simple contrivance answered their purpose very well until some antediluvian Krupp invented the bow and arrow,

which became a standard weapon, though the sling was not discarded.

The sling consisted of a strap, in which the stone was set, and two strings. This the slinger slung around, and letting go of one of the strings, the stone was freed. By practice the slingers acquired a very accurate aim.

The bow and arrow were at first made entirely of wood, except the string, which was of cowhide, flax, or hemp ; but later, bows were made of steel, horn, and other elastic substances. The Persians and Indians used bows of reed, the Lycian bows were made of the cornel-tree, and those of the Ethiopians of the palm-tree. Homer describes the bow of Pandarus, as from the horn of the mountain goat, sixteen cubits long and tipped with gold, the string being of oxhide.

The points of the arrow were often hardened in the fire, and after a while they pointed them with sharp stones, horn, or metal, and also made barbed points. Many savage tribes used arrows dipped in poison, but they were generally small and blown through tubes.

The long bow was the favorite weapon in England in the fourteenth and fifteenth centuries. It was of ash, yew, etc., the same height as the archer, while the arrows were half the length of the bow. The crossbow was an improvement on the ordinary bow, and as it could be drawn tighter, would send the shafts farther.

With the improvement in offensive weapons, people

began to study how they could protect themselves against assault. The first armors in use were made from the skins of beasts, either rough or dressed. The Sarmatians made armors of scales from horses' hoofs, stitched with oxen's sinews. Then brass was used for armors, and finally steel. Some of them were of exquisite workmanship, many of the shields being decorated with the highest art, as described by Homer.

As the ancients thus adopted the weapons of defense furnished by nature to the beasts, they also imitated their weapons of offense. The most notable instances of this are to be found in the aries, or battering-ram, and an instrument called the cat.

The former was a beam of wood, eighty to one hundred and twenty feet long, sometimes resting on wheels, and roofed over to protect the men who worked it. On the end was the figure of a ram's head, cast in bronze. This was used extensively by the Romans for battering down walls. It is said that no wall could withstand repeated assaults of a ram, impelled as it often was, by a hundred men.

The latter was a machine with long claws of iron, shaped like those of a cat. The men on a wall would let this down among the besiegers, the claws would clutch hold of a victim, and then they would haul him in, as a cat will a mouse.

A description of the equipment of Goliath, when he went forth to meet David, will give a good idea of the weapons most in use among the ancients. A helmet of brass, coat of mail, greaves, small and large

shield, spear, and sword, made up the panoply of this mighty warrior. His cuirass was composed of scales of brass, and the weight of his coat of mail was one hundred and eighty-nine pounds troy. His feet were covered with shining plates of brass, and he had greaves of brass upon his legs. On his back was slung his small brazen shield, and accompanying him was an armor-bearer, carrying his large shield. He bore in his hand a spear, the staff of which was "like a weaver's beam," and the head of iron weighed twenty-two pounds troy. The material of his sword is uncertain, but it was of excellent workmanship, as it is said "there were none like it." It was not probably remarkable for its size, for David afterwards wielded it to cut off the giant's head.

The Romans, being devoted to war, made great advances in the construction of weapons. Having learned the art of working metals, they employed them extensively in making arms. The sword was then, as before and since, a favorite weapon.

The first swords were of wood, which was superseded by metals. The varieties of the sword are exceedingly numerous. The most famous blades are the Toledo, and those made by the Ferrara family, of Milan. Under the emperor of Rome, no one was allowed to wear a sword except soldiers, hence the custom of presenting the sword, on investing with a military dignity. Trajan, when he made Sura Licinius commander of his guards, put a naked sword into his hands, with the words: "Take this and

use it for me if I rule well, against me if I rule ill."

Other weapons used by the ancients were the lance, javelin, battle-axe, martel (which was of iron or steel, with one end a pick and the other a hammer, axe-blade, half-moon, mace head, etc., used at the time of Charlemagne), slub, net (used by the Sagartians, who accompanied Xerxes against Greece, and who would catch an enemy in the meshes and then slay him), dagger, dart, knife, trident, halberd, etc.

Among the weapons of a curious or extraordinary nature, may be mentioned the boomerang, used by the natives of Australia. It is a large club, flat on one side and convex on the other, which, when thrown with the flat side down, spins about and returns to the thrower, or turns to the left or right, according as it is thrown.

The balister, a machine used by the Romans for hurling rocks, by means of a rope of tightly twisted hemp, hair, etc., is said to have been capable of propelling a rock weighing three hundred and sixty pounds; there were several modifications of this engine, and one in particular is deserving of notice, the catapult, which would throw an arrow half a mile. Some authorities transpose these names, Webster among others, and call the machine for throwing stones the catapult, and the one for arrows, the balister.

Chariots were used extensively, some being furnished with long knives, like scythes, on the sides, to mow down the enemy.

Greek fire, which was used with great effect by the

Saracens in the sieges of Constantinople, A.D. 668 to 675, and 716 to 718, was a most formidable weapon. It was composed of bitumen, sulphur, and pitch, and "burnt like a meteor." It was projected on arrows wrapped with flax, saturated with it; it was also vomited forth through long copper tubes from hideous figures in the prows of fire-boats on to the decks of the enemy.

One commander dropped a lot of live snakes onto the deck of his opponent, and in the consternation which ensued, made his attack and won the victory.

The invention of gunpowder, in 1330, completely overturned all the old methods of warfare, and led to the introduction of an almost entirely different kind of arms.

In ancient times the success of an army depended largely on the personal skill and courage of the soldier; now, as Napoleon said: "Heaven favors the side with the heaviest artillery." The warriors of Nero and Alexander fought hand to hand with the enemy; the armies of Napoleon and Grant could barely see their adversaries through the smoke of cannon. Then each soldier was an army in himself; now he is but a part of a vast machine. Then men went to war at the caprice of some uneasy or ambitious man; now war is a last resort to redress wrong. In the future, let us hope that the statesman will succeed the general, and diplomacy render war unnecessary.

Dec. 1, 1878.

A MALE FLIRT.

THE most despicable and pitiful of human beings (I cannot call him a *Man*) is the nonentity to whom the above name is applicable. A female flirt is bad enough, but she has the advantage of a few redeeming qualities, for she may have nothing else to take up her mind, and then a little vanity in woman is pardonable ; but for a man to be a flirt is inexcusable, and his attention should be absorbed by more momentous pursuits.

Augustus Elroy Fitz-Noodle was one of these insignificant puppies, and I wouldn't spend the time, paper, ink and labor necessary to write his name, were it not that I wish to tell the tale of his discomfiture, in hopes that it will be an awful warning to all others of the ilk.

He lived in H., a town in the western part of Massachusetts, and the site of a female academy. There were very few fellows in the neighborhood, so that Augustus had full sweep, and for about two months during the last term he was in clover.

There were lots of pretty girls attending the seminary, and to all that would listen to him A. Elroy

made love — to each according to her humor. To one he talked nonsense, to another sentiment, to a third romance, and so on.

Things went on swimmingly for a season. He would give Maude Ashton a bouquet in the morning, meet Arabella Goodwin at the post-office at noon, and slip a note into her hand, wander “through wood and dell” with Grace Williams in the afternoon, and talk sentiment to Nina Roberts in the evening.

But by and by a change came o’er the aspect of affairs.

Girls *will* talk.

Maude made a *confidante* of Arabella, and the latter became furiously jealous, and declared she didn’t believe one word the other said about *her* Elroy. Then it leaked out that Grace also laid claim to the “divine Augustus,” and this claim was again disputed by Nina who declared that “Gussy” had sworn eternal fidelity to her.

So the four who had once been firm friends, now became deadly enemies.

Meanwhile Fitz-Noodle kept up his numerous flirtations in blissful ignorance of the tempest he was creating.

Matters were, however, brought to a crisis. The quartette began to suspect that there was something wrong. They happened to all meet in the music room, and Nina, after declaring that “Gussy” loved her, and her alone, said :

“I’ll prove it to you, girls. He has promised to

call on me this evening. You shall all be where you can hear what he says, and then you will admit that I am right."

The proposition was accepted, and at seven o'clock the girls were ready. Nina sitting at a table reading, and the other three in an adjoining room, the door of which was left ajar, so they could overhear the conversation.

A few minutes after the unsuspecting "lover" was shown in. He approached Miss Roberts and handed her a bouquet of wild flowers, saying :

"My dear Nina, I trust you will accept this little token of my love ; I would not give you flowers bought with filthy lucre, but have spent the whole afternoon seeking these modest blossoms, which I have plucked for you."

"The very same flowers *we* picked this afternoon down by the brook," said Grace, in a whisper, "and which he swore to preserve in memory of the happy hour. Oh, the wretch !"

Nina accepted the bouquet, and after placing it in water, took a seat on the sofa. Her caller placed himself by her side. His arm stole around her waist, and he murmured in dulcet tones :

"Dearest Nina, this is one of the happiest moments of my life. To sit by your side and gaze into those heavenly orbs is the most exquisite pleasure."

"Do you love me as much as you say?" asked Nina.

"More than I can tell — I swear it ! Can you doubt me ?"

"No, but I have heard that you admire Maude Ashton."

"What ! Admire that freckled-faced thing ! How could you think it ? "

"Oh, I didn't, dear Gussy. But I also heard you met Arabella Goodwin at the post-office to-day."

"It is false, I assure you, on my honor. The forward, conceited minx ! She follows me there every day, and I cannot get rid of her."

"I knew it was false. But I was told you were seen this afternoon wandering by the brook with Grace Williams."

"Yes, yes, how unfortunate ! I went there to gather these flowers for you, and that gawky creature must needs be there, and she nearly bored me to death."

"And you love but me ? "

"Only you, dearest Nina, I pledge you my word."

"You hear that, girls ? What do you think, now ? "

The door of the next room opened, and the three infuriated maidens appeared before the astounded A. Elroy Fitz-Noodle !

They tore off his paper collar and gorgeous neck-tie, pulled his hair, broke his eye-glass, boxed his ears, and pinched and scratched him till he cried for mercy.

"So I am a freckled-faced thing, am I ? " exclaimed Maude, administering a sounding box on his ear.

"And I am a forward, conceited minx ! " put in Arabella, with a fierce pinch.

"So you were bored to death by this gawky creature this afternoon!" added Grace, pulling vigorously at his hair.

"You swear you love but me?" asked Nina, tweaking his nose.

But they let him go at last, and the miserable sneak hurried home in a sad plight.

The girls told the story all over town, and Augustus Elroy Fitz-Noodle was obliged to "depart for pastures new," a wiser, and, let us hope, a better man.

Now take heed, all ye youths of this enlightened age, and don't let it be said of any of you that you are a contemptible "Male Flirt."

June 17, 1877.

TOO MUCH FOR HIM.

JAMES EBENEZER EVERMEEK had a weak spot somewhere.

It wasn't in his stomach, for that organ performed its functions with remarkable alacrity ; nor in his legs, as they did him good service ; neither was it in his chest, which was as sound as the Bank of England.

No, it was his head that was weak. So said his wife, and she ought to know. In fact she had informed him of this weakness in his "upper storey" so many times, that he began to regard it as chronic.

He was hen-pecked — sadly, and unquestionably so. The only occasion on which he broke the bonds of oppression and asserted the dignity of manhood was when, after indulging in too free libations from the "flowing bowl," he felt sufficient Dutch courage to "beard the lion in his den," his Maria in her lair.

The other night he sent word to his loving spouse that he should be detained in town on business, and then, exulting in the prospect of a whole evening apart from his domestic dragon, he hied away with a friend to the temple of Melpomene, to revel in the honeyed accents of Booth.

On the way thither the friends stopped in at a popular resort and drank to the health of Mrs. Evermeek. Then they entered the theatre. A tragedy was played first, and after each act the two stepped out and "lubricated."

The after-piece was Shakespeare's "Taming of the Shrew." James Ebenezer had never seen it before, and was very much impressed by the masterly manner with which Petruchio subdued the shrewish propensities of Katherine.

He determined to try the method on his wife, and confided his plan, in strict confidence, to his friend.

Accordingly they drained several more bumpers to the success of his undertaking, and then, after bidding his companion a maudlin good-night, Ebenezer wended his crooked way homewards.

The partner of his joys and sorrows was sitting up for him, wrapped in a shawl and a grim smile, which boded no good for her tardy hubby.

He mounted the steps nobly and made an admirable attempt to open the door. It was, however, a deplorable failure, for he tried to force a key as large again as the original into the key-hole.

But his wife kindly saved him further trouble by opening the door herself.

Her indignation was too deep for utterance, so he stalked into the house amid a most oppressive silence.

But a miserable mat entangled itself with his feet, and precipitated him against the parlor door, which opened conveniently and admitted him sprawling.

He picked himself up with a great deal of dignity, cast a glance of ineffable contempt at the offending mat, and then remarked to his wife :

“ ‘ How bright’n goodly shines ‘er (hic) moon ? ’ ”

“ What are you talking about ? ” she asked.

“ ‘ Nay, then you lie ; ‘tis ‘er blessed sun,’ ” quoth Ebenezer. “ Don’t you (hic) zee it ? ”

“ I see you are drunk, you miserable wretch ! ”

“ Who’s drunk ? ” queried he. “ Wazza mazzar, ole (hic) woman ? ”

“ James Ebenezer Evermeek, where have you been ? ”

“ Been t’zee Kazerin ‘n Per(hic)chuzo. He’za boss. Show yer how he tames a (hic) shrew.”

He seized a vase from the mantelpiece and hurled it to the floor, where it was shivered to atoms.

“ What are you doing ? ” shrieked his wife.

“ I’ll show yer who’z’er boss, ole (hic) gal.”

Down went another vase, smash ! His wife seized his arm to stay him, but he shook her off savagely.

Away flew another vase through the front window. Mrs. Evermeek began to cry.

He heeded her not, but grasping her new spring bonnet, which was on the table, he held it up and quoted in tragic tone :

“ Wazza call this ? A cockle, a nutshell, a toy, a baby’s cap ? Take it away ! ”

He threw it on the floor, and begun stamping on it.

This was too much for his wife’s patience, to see her pet, her pride, her darling, thus mutilated !

"You wretch!" she shrieked, clutching him by the hair, "I'll teach you to come home drunk and abuse your poor weak wife, and ruin my new bonnet. I'll tame *you*, you reprobate!"

She emphasized her speech with sundry blows of her fist on the side of his head.

He struggled to free himself from her ardent embrace, but unfortunately tripped and fell heavily to the floor. She hung onto his hair still, and after she had bumped his head vigorously against the floor a number of times, he was ready to come to terms. He was also pretty well sobered off.

"Do you want to break anything more?" she asked sarcastically.

"No, Maria, no; lemme up."

"Not till you promise to get me a new hat."

"Yes, yes, to-morrow; only lemme up."

"And some new vases?"

"Yes, Maria."

"And a silk dress?"

"No, I'll see you dashed first," but a forcible bump of his head caused a rapid consideration of his reply, and he added:

"I will, Maria, I will. And now lemme up."

"Not yet, Ebenezer. One thing more: You promise never to get drunk again, and not to go to the theatre without me, and to take me to Long Branch next summer?"

"I — well" —

Bump — bump — bump! —

“ Yes, Maria, anything ! ”

She released him ; he arose painfully and went to bathe his head.

But his faith in the wisdom of Shakespeare is gone, and he says that if Petruchio had attempted to tame his Maria, instead of Katherine, it is his opinion that she would have proved

“TOO MUCH FOR HIM.”

Jan. 3, 1878.

“A SCRAP OF PAPER.”

I NEVER saw a young lady yet who did not have an anxious desire to examine the contents of a gentleman's pocket. Of course she does not care to know what is in a stranger's pocket, but only what her particular friends carry about them.

Perhaps she thinks to gain some insight into a man's character and habits by knowing what his pockets contain — most men might certainly be judged somewhat by that mode of investigation. For instance, if she were to find a cigar, the 'natural inference would be that he smoked, though he might have concealed the fact heretofore from her. A pack of cards would be very suggestive, and to find a pawn ticket would reveal the state of his finances in a very convincing manner.

Many other articles, which may suggest themselves to the reader's mind, might each become a silent witness to some good or evil, wise or foolish trait of the owner.

It may be only idle curiosity which prompts such investigations — be that as it may, I still maintain that, as a rule, young ladies like to rummage a gentleman's pocket.

Jennie Hillard was no exception to the above rule. She was nineteen, pretty, accomplished and charming. Lovable too, Fred. Bartlett thought, and as she had consented to become his bride, he was a very happy young man.

He was well educated and held a business position which was both permanent and profitable.

They were seated in her father's parlor, not very far from each other ; there came a pause in the conversation, and finally she said :

" Oh ! Fred, let me see what you have in your pockets. My brother will never let me look into his, and when he gives me his coat to mend, he is always very careful to take everything out of the pockets."

" I don't believe you'll find much of interest to you, but you may empty them and see," replied Fred.

So Jennie began by pulling a lot of letters and papers from one of his breast pockets.

" What a lot of letters ! " she exclaimed. " How long do you carry letters about you ? "

" Until I have time to answer them."

" But here is one of mine written a month ago ; I'm sure that has been answered."

" Yes, but I like to carry it with me to read over once in a while."

" You foolish fellow. Just as if my letters were worth a second perusal. But from whom is this ? The writing looks like a lady's."

" Oh ! That's from Bob Somers — you remember him at school—a tall, slim fellow with an impediment

in his speech. He writes a good deal better than he can talk; read the letter if you wish—he is in California.

Jennie read the letter and then proceeded with her investigations.

"Why, here is one you wrote yourself. Did you forget to send it?" Jennie asked.

"Don't read that," said Fred, taking it from her hand.

"Why not?"

"I'd rather you wouldn't," replied he, blushing a little.

She did not urge the matter, but felt a little piqued that he would not let her read it. Soon afterwards Fred took his departure, Jennie returned to the parlor to extinguish the light, and seeing a scrap of paper on the floor, picked it up. It was the very letter Fred declined to let her read. Should she read it now? A glance at the first line would not permit her to do otherwise. It began :

"My darling May:—Would that I could learn to forget you; but, forced as I am by cruel circumstances to engage myself to one I do not love, my heart is still yours. Do you ever vouchsafe one little thought for one who was once dear to you? I wish I could see you once more alone before this odious marriage robs me of my liberty. Will you meet again, dear, at the old place, only for a few moments — "

Here the letter ended. Jennie could hardly believe her eyes. Fred, false to her? It was impossible. But what else could the letter mean? Her father was wealthy. Could it be that Fred had wooed her for her money? She read the letter again and then retired

and cried herself to sleep. It was the first great disappointment of her life, and it came to her with terrible violence, breaking in, as it did, on her new-born happiness.

She awoke the next morning with a severe headache, and the world, which, the day before had seemed so full of happiness and peace, was now gloomy and barren to her.

She thought much about the letter during the day, and determined, when Fred called in the evening, to learn the worst.

She received him as usual, and thought he appeared particularly happy. Perhaps he had seen May and they had come to some understanding. She would give anything to know.

She introduced the subject of names, and finally asked him if May were the nickname for Mary or Mabel.

He appeared somewhat embarrassed, and said it might come from either name.

"I once had a friend called May," she continued, "but her real name was Marion. Do you know any one named May?"

"I don't think of any one," he replied. "That is, among my friends."

What a jealous pang shot through her heart at his words. He probably regarded his May as dearer than a friend.

She knew not how to question him, and sat in silence.

"I've something to show you, Jennie," he remarked, drawing a paper from his pocket.

It was a literary journal, and he called her attention to a story in it entitled "A Scrap of Paper," by Fred Adams.

"Why, that's your middle name, Fred!" she exclaimed. "Did you write it?"

"Yes, dear, I did."

"You never told me you were an author."

"That's my first attempt. I kept it secret, for I was afraid they would not publish it."

Jennie had begun to read the sketch.

"Your heroine's name is May, is n't it? How strange!" she remarked.

"Why so?" he asked.

But Jennie did not reply. Her eyes were scanning the story eagerly. There, oh, joy! there was the very letter that had awakened her jealousy — it was the "scrap of paper" on which the plot turned.

How ashamed and yet how happy she felt. She burst into tears.

"What is the matter, dear?" Fred asked tenderly.

Then, half crying, yet smiling through her tears, she told him the story of the letter he had lost, and the jealousy it had awakened in her.

He laughed heartily at the recital, and as he kissed away the tears, remarked, that it was another illustration of how much trouble might be caused by a "Scrap of Paper."

Nov. 1, 1878.

SUNSET ON THE LAKE.

WE have often heard of the splendors of the Italian sunset, but we do not believe that old Sol ever conjured up a more dazzling display, nor retired from his day's journey amidst a more gorgeous surrounding of brilliant colors in far famed Italy, than he did one evening last August, when we were fortunate enough to view him from the deck of the *Lady of the Lake*, as she glided over the fair bosom of lake Winnepesaukee.

During the afternoon the sky had been overcast with fleecy clouds, which gradually rolled together and increased in size until the sky was nearly all hidden. On the north and south shores of the lake, looking from the steamer, were long ranges of mountains, whose highest peaks penetrated the clouds. Thicker they became and darker, while now and then a flash of lightning, followed by low mutterings of thunder presaged the coming storm.

The surface of the lake was as smooth as a polished mirror, but black as ink. The lightning became more vivid and an unnatural darkness enshrouded us.

But suddenly the scene changes ; there is a break

in the clouds to the west and their edges become aflame with the rays of the setting sun. Slowly the dense clouds roll upward, each moment growing brighter, till at last the sun is seen, just above the horizon, like a huge ball of burnished gold ; its rays, spreading on either side, lend an indescribable beauty to the clouds on the sides of the mountains, which a few minutes before looked so black and dismal. From a bright red in the west the colors shade down to a dark rich purple. But look ! From the spot where the sun is about to set, along the surface of the water, up to the side of the steamer, is a path of glistening gold, at the end of which we see a golden shield, more brightly burnished than any borne by Homeric hero.

Of such a sunset Shakespeare says :

“ The weary sun hath made a golden set,
And by the bright track of his fiery car,
Gives token of a goodly day to-morrow.”

Even after its ruddy face is hidden behind the distant hill, its radiance gilds each cloud and mountain.

But softly the colors fade away like the shadowy images of a dream, and while we still gaze to the westward, the clouds close up and shut out our glimpse of paradise, as a curtain drawn by envious hand over some rare work of art.

All at once we are nearly blinded by a vivid flash of lightning, and another, and another, and now

“Far along,
From peak to peak, the rattling crags among,
Leaps the live thunder.”

The rival clouds have met, and are battling madly with Jove's artillery. On speeds the steamer; the lake is still calm, but now and then a puff of wind ripples along its surface.

An instant later comes the rain in torrents, compelling us to seek the shelter of the cabin.

But the storm is as brief as it is furious, and before we reach the landing we can discern a timid star peeping through a rift in the clouds, a tiny messenger of hope. And then

“How calm, how beautiful comes on
The stilly hour when storms are gone;
When warring winds have died away,
And clouds, beneath the dancing ray,
Melt off, and leave the sea
Sleeping in bright tranquility!”

There is a silvery lustre in the east, and as we glide up to the landing fair Luna rises, like Venus from the sea, and smiles lovingly on mountain, vale, and lake.

Sept. 1, 1878.

THE BOOKS WE READ.

ANY one, but especially the young, cannot be too particular of the books he reads, particularly works of fiction. Their influence is almost imperceptible at the time of reading, but it is none the less potent and often manifests itself long after the work, which planted its baneful seeds, has been forgotten. The characters in a novel become like friends or acquaintances to us, ere we finish the narration of their acts and adventures.

The perusal of one of Scott's novels, or any work which presents to our notice characters which we can admire, whose impulses and actions are pure and noble, is like being introduced to and associating with those people. Our best feelings are appealed to, we admire the nobility, the honor, the self-sacrifice we read of, the impression left by them on the mind is healthy, and, unconsciously, we emulate their good example.

But, in modern fiction, vice is too often clothed in an interesting guise; at first we feel a disgust at the immorality, or perhaps false *morality*, of the hero or heroine, the same as if we were introduced suddenly

into a den of iniquity, a gambling house or a scene of drunken carousal. But the chances are that we become interested in the trials the hero or heroine suffers, and the wrongs endured, and the impression grows upon us as we read that perhaps they were more sinned against than sinning. The consequence is that, when in actual life we are brought face to face with similar characters, our judgment is warped and, as likely as not, we make associates of people and close our eyes to acts which, in a normal state of mind, we would shun and abhor.

That is why so many novels, not absolutely vicious, are yet so baneful in their effect and have brought novel reading into so bad repute. Reading a pure novel is like spending an evening in the society of ladies and gentlemen, of whose acquaintance we might well be proud, but to spend time in reading a trashy novel is like carousing with a lot of drunkards. Pope has well said :

“Vice is a monster of such hideous mien,
That to be hated needs but to be seen ;
But seen too oft, familiar with its face,
We first endure, then pity, then embrace.”

Aug. 10, 1882.

HIS VALENTINE.

CORIOLANUS ADOLPHUS SPRIGGINS aspired to be a poet. He always devoured with a hunger insatiable the so-called poetry which served to fill up the "Muses' Retreat" in the *Bungtown Boom-rang*.

He sported a Byron collar of the most extreme cut, wore his hair long, and tucked his trousers in his boots, à la Joaquin Miller, smoked a "T. D." pipe, after Tennyson, cultivated "a green and yellow melancholy," and gloried in having his brow wear the appearance of being "o'ershadowed with the pale cast of thought."

(This latter effect he sometimes produced by a judicious but surreptitious application of a secret preparation he compounded of flour and water.)

He wore an absent look when in company (some were uncharitable enough to call it a "vacant stare"), in order to inspire a belief that his thoughts were soaring

"Far above this mundane sphere,
In the blue ethereal space."

He also usually carried a lead-pencil behind his

right ear, to give the impression that he was always ready to

“Catch the fleeting fancies as they fly,”

but that

“Do what he will, he cannot realize
Half he conceives—the glorious vision flies;
Go where he may, he cannot hope to find
The truth, the beauty, pictured in his mind.”

Of course he was the idol of all the girls, and the special subject of ridicule of the boys.

But the bright particular star of his soul, the one upon whom he lavished all his affection, sighs and nonsense, was the fair Anastatia Iphigenia Boggins.

She just doted on him as a second Byron or John G. Saxe.

Inspired by the example of his lofty ambition and sublime aspirations, she too wooed the Muses ; and when St. Valentine's day came she penned some original lines, which she sent to him on scalloped paper, highly perfumed with the “odor of a thousand flowers,” and tinted a delicate rose color. They were as follows :

“O Dolphy ! Erato's favorite,
To thee these lines I do indite ;
Deign, oh, deign them to receive,
And then I'll be happy, you may believe,
When by them your memory does waken,
To think of words you have spoken.
Oh ! think of her to whom you spake,
And then my happiness will be great.”

This *brilliant* effusion filled him with delight and admiration. It thrilled him to his inmost soul. It so awakened his enthusiasm, that he felt inspired to write a fitting reply.

He hied to his sanctum, a lumber room over the carriage house, and seated himself on what he imagined to be

“A fleecy cloud, tipped with gold,”

but which was merely a rush-bottomed, broken-backed chair.

Then, spreading a dozen sheets of paper on the desk (an old three-legged washstand with a board on it) before him, he proceeded to chew his pen, and roll his eyes about in a manner suggestive of a cat looking for a mouse that has escaped her, or of the jealous Moor when he is searching for a soft bolster with which to smother Desdemona.

He had

“A theme well fitted to inspire
The purest frenzy of poetic fire.”

But how to begin? — there was the rub. Once started, he had no fears but his thoughts would flow

“In liquid lines mellifluously bland.”

Suddenly an idea seized him ; and, grasping his pen as warrior grasps his sword, or some unfortunate victim the handles of a galvanic battery, he produced a number of scrawls which might have been mistaken for the autograph of Horace Greeley, but which to the eye of the poet were formed into this :

“Sweet angel, round this heart of mine,
Are twined the tendrils of thy love—”

“Oh, bother!” he exclaimed; “that is too much like making my heart the place ‘where the woodbine twineth.’”

Another interval of pen chewing, and

“Eyes in fine frenzy rolling,”

and then — this is the translation :

“O Anastatia!
How can I face yer,
And not betray my love?
Your sweet smile on me
Does joy pile on me,
Like snow from above!”

This was better. The rhymes were good, the sentiment sublime, and the comparison appropriate and beautiful. But still it did not exactly suit him.

A renewed wrestle with the Muse, and Corilanus won the fall with this result :

“There is a form that haunts my fancy,
Her name’s not Jane, it is not Nancy;
Her image in my heart is built,
And will not fade till I am kilt.

“She smiles on me — I seem to tread
On fleecy clouds, upon my head;
She frowns on me — my heart is filled
With grief unspeakable, and I—”

“I — um — filled, build, gild — Oh, agony! no rhyme for filled!”

He tore his hair, he groaned in anguish, he flung his papers right and left — just then he heard a harsh voice calling at the foot of the stairs :

“ Corlanus, you good-for-nothing ! Jest come down here an’ I’ll tan yer hide for yer, to let them pigs git out by yer blamed carelessness ! ”

The voice drew nearer ; the door flew open and admitted his enraged sire.

A scene ensued of “ confusion worse confounded,” and as Corlanus Adolphus Spriggins walked out toward the pig-pen, rubbing his trousers, his thoughts were far away from his Valentine.

May 12, 1878.

A RUSTIC NYMPH.

“As lamps burn silent with unconscious light,
So modest ease in beauty shines most bright;
Unaiming charms with rays resistless fall,
And she, who means no mischief, does it all.”

—AARON HILL.

THE senior partner of the firm of Bookworm, Critic & Co., Booksellers and Publishers, signed his name to a check with a flourish, and handed it to a pale-faced young man who stood by his desk, hat in hand, remarking :

“There are a hundred dollars on account, Mr. Howard, and as soon as we get the second edition out, which will be inside of two weeks, we will pay you another hundred.”

Herbert Howard signed his name to the receipt with a trembling hand and thanking the publisher, made his exit from the dingy office.

He could hardly realize that the check represented a hundred dollars, the first fruits of his literary labors. He was a college graduate, and was now studying law in the office of a prominent barrister in Boston. He had spent his time for two years in writing a book,

a novel, in which he had given expression to the romance, the poetry, the nobility and the warm sympathy of his nature.

More fortunate than the majority of young authors, he had succeeded in finding a publisher. The book proved a success, in fact "the hit of the season;" the first edition was already exhausted, and he had received the sum agreed upon.

Now he could take his hard earned and long deferred vacation, and once more visit the scenes of his childhood — the "Switzerland of America."

It was in June, the fairest month of the year. His preparations were quickly made, and the next day he shook the dust of the city from his feet, and started for a fortnight's communion with the grandeur of nature.

He arrived at North Conway shortly after noon. He waited there until after the heat of the day, and then started to walk seven miles to where his parents lived, whom he intended to surprise. He had procured a stout stick and with its aid trudged over the hilly road "like one to the manner born."

How natural everything looked to him. He had often driven over the road behind old Whitey, the family horse. The last time was when he left for college six years before. He knew a great deal more then, in his own estimation, than he did now, after his six years of study. He had discovered that the more a man learns, the more he finds there is to learn.

He was now only about two miles from home, and

as he walked along wrapped in thought, he was suddenly startled by a woman's scream. It was a cry of fear or pain, short and shrill, and then ceased as if it had been forcibly suppressed. It proceeded from beyond a bend in the road, a few rods from which he was.

Grasping his stick firmly, Herbert ran on towards the source of the cry. On turning the bend, he discovered a woman, apparently young, struggling in the arms of a burly ruffian, whose dirty hand was over her mouth to prevent further outcry.

The tramp's back was towards him, and advancing quickly, Herbert dealt him a blow on the head with his stick. He made use of all the strength in his arm, and the ruffian dropped to the ground insensible. The young lady fell likewise, for she had fainted.

There was a brook by the side of the road, and Herbert bore her senseless form to its bank, and began bathing her temples with the cold water. What a perfect beauty she was! He thought he had never seen a fairer face. And how like what he had pictured the heroine of his novel. It was the same face his imagination had conjured up when writing. The golden wavy hair, the low, broad forehead, the softly rounded cheek, now pale as marble, the sensitive mouth, were all the same, but

“Her eyes, like marigolds, had sheathed their light,
And, canopied in darkness, sweetly lay,
Till they might open to adorn the day.”

But now the lids part slowly and disclose the blue

depths beneath, and she gazes wonderingly at him.

"I am a friend," he says quietly; "the scoundrel who attacked you has paid the penalty of his brutality."

She is sitting up now.

"Oh! sir, how can I thank you?" she murmurs, and the soft cadence of the words complete the spell which enwraps him.

"I am only too happy to be of service to you," he replies, "and now, if you feel able to walk, I will accompany you on your way. My name is Howard, and I am going to my parents' home in ——."

"And I am Edna Cummings; don't you recognize your old schoolmate?" she asks.

"I confess that at first I did not recognize you, but now I do," Herbert makes reply, as he assists her to rise. On reaching the road they find that the tramp has recovered, and made off with himself.

The rest of the walk seemed but a few steps, enlivened as it was by chatting of the time gone by. Herbert left Miss Cummings at her father's house, and then sought his home.

What joy his unexpected arrival brought to the hearts of his aged parents and loving sister!

He found a stranger at the house, a city belle, who was paying his sister a visit. If he had not previously met his rustic nymph, the cultivated beauty of Elsie Dayton might have captivated his fancy. As it was, none other than Edna could please him.

How quickly the hours of the week following Herbert's arrival home seemed to glide away! He

enjoyed every moment of the time. Elsie made use of all her blandishments to win his admiration, but he had eyes only for Edna. The latter first appeared pleased at his attentions, but suddenly her manner changed, and she treated him very coldly. He knew of no cause for the change, and it troubled him deeply, for he had begun to love his "rustic nymph," as he called her.

One afternoon he had been napping in the hammock, which was hung on the piazza. When he awoke he heard voices, and he recognized them as belonging to Edna and Elsie. They were sitting behind the closed blinds of an open window, which was directly opposite to him. He could distinguish the words they uttered very distinctly. He did not intend to play the eavesdropper, not supposing the conversation was of a private nature. But presently he heard his own name. Edna was speaking.

"Are you sure that Mr. Howard is engaged?"

"Yes," replied Elsie, "his *fiancée* is a wealthy lady in Boston. I have often seen him with her in society."

"I am sure she is to be envied," remarked Edna.

"Yes, doubtless," was the reply.

Herbert had heard all he wanted to, so knocked the book he had been reading from the hammock, and whistled to Bruno who was dozing in the shade. When Edna started for home he followed her.

"I beg your pardon," he apologized, "but may I accompany you to the bridge?"

"Certainly, if you wish," she replied.

They chatted gaily till the bridge was reached, where they stopped and gazed into the ever hurrying stream. Herbert had pictured a meeting of his lovers on this very bridge in his book. How natural it seemed now for him to be there with Edna. He was the first to break the silence.

"They say, Miss Cummings, that all is fair in love and war, but I think it was hardly fair for Miss Dayton to tell you I was engaged."

"Isn't it so?" queried Edna.

"Not unless you will have me, Edna," he replied quickly.

"Do you love me?"

"As I never loved woman before. You don't dislike me, do you, Edna?"

"No, Herbert."

A word more and I am done. When his book reached its third edition, which was very soon, Herbert was united to his RUSTIC NYMPH.

Dec. 25, 1877.

AGAINST HIS WILL.

“MISS EVANS, you have taught me a lesson I shall never forget. I’m very much obliged to you — more than I can tell. I shudder as I think from what I have escaped.”

Edith Evans shrugged her shapely shoulders.

“I am sorry, Mr. Edwards, that you so misunderstood the *friendly* feelings I have felt for you, and thought they were of a tenderer nature ; but you men are so stupid — you always imagine a young lady must be in love with you if she treats you with common civility, and is not positively rude.”

“Thank you, Miss Evans, for your compliment ; but you may rest assured I shall never lay myself open again to the charge of *stupidity*, by being really so foolish as to believe that any fashionable young lady has an atom of sincerity in her nature.”

“Really, you are very severe, as well as unjust. I supposed, of course, you knew I was engaged to be married to Royal Stanley, when he returns.”

“How should I know ? You never told me, and I did not suppose an engaged lady would flirt so outrageously as you have with me. However, I am very

glad that my eyes have been opened, at last, to your real nature. Good evening, Miss Evans."

He bowed and started for the door. She arose and followed him.

"You are not angry with me, Philip?" she said, looking at him pleadingly with her large blue eyes.

"Not at all," he replied coldly. "I *pity* you—but not as much as I pity Royal Stanley, who will have a *coquette* for his wife."

"We are still friends?" she asked.

"No, not *friends*, Miss Evans, — *acquaintances*. Good evening."

As the door closed behind him Edith burst into tears.

"Oh! why did I ever meet him?" she sobbed.

"Why am I thus made miserable? Before he came, I was willing enough to marry Royal Stanley: but now — now I am wretched. How Philip must despise me! He is so noble and honorable! Royal Stanley, I hate you, and I'll never, *never* marry you!"

She retired to her chamber and cried till she brought on a headache, and finally fell into an uneasy slumber.

Philip Edwards strode from the house in a very unamiable mood. He had found in Edith Evans the one woman he could love, and now she had proved herself a heartless coquette. His faith in feminine nature was shaken, and he determined, in his own mind, never again to give a woman a chance to trample on his affections and cast them aside, as she would a soiled ribbon.

He had lately been graduated from a Medical

University, and was promised a position in one of the city hospitals. Prior to entering on his duties, he determined on taking a short vacation, and fixed on B., a small town on the coast of Massachusetts, as an agreeable place in which to spend it.

On his arrival there, he took up his quarters at the only hotel in the town, and then looked about for some amusements. He found the town greatly changed during the three years since he had visited it. Some city people had discovered the attractions of the spot, a new hotel had replaced the old one, and a number of summer cottages dotted the shore.

He was rather sorry for the change but determined to make the most of it. A week was passed very pleasantly with boating and fishing.

One day, as he was passing along the beach, two ladies came out from one of the cottages. They were Edith and her mother. Philip merely raised his hat and passed on.

"She here," he muttered. "Why can I not escape from her presence?"

He met her several times afterwards, but always passed without speaking.

The day before his intended return home, Philip went gunning and did not return till dusk.

As he entered the hotel, he was accosted by a man who asked if he was a doctor.

"I am," replied Philip.

"Then come with me at once," said the man, "for a little boy has fallen and hurt his leg badly."

Philip dropped his bag and gun and followed the man. They crossed the beach and came to a cottage. When they entered, the first person Philip saw was Edith. She was sitting in a low chair, holding in her lap a little boy, who was moaning. She was trying to soothe him. As she saw Philip, her eyes brightened, and she said :

“ There, Willie, there's the good doctor come to help you.”

Lifting his leg tenderly, Philip said :

“ Let me look at it a moment, my little man.”

A short examination, and then he said :

“ The leg is broken. I will set it.”

Some of the bystanders procured splints and other necessary appliances, and then Philip set the limb. Edith steadied it while he applied the splints.

The operation was successful, and the boy was soon easier.

“ Will you be kind enough to see Miss Evans home, doctor ? ” asked the boy's mother.

“ With pleasure, if she'll permit me,” replied Philip.

“ Certainly,” said Edith.

The night was perfect. Not a ripple stirred the bosom of the ocean as it broke in solemn cadence on the beach. The full moon lighted up the scene and reflected itself in its mammoth mirror. They walked a few minutes in silence.

Edith broke it finally by remarking :

“ It is a lovely night, is n't it ? ”

“ It is indeed charming,” was his reply.

A long silence.

“Why do you shun me so?” asked Edith.

“Why should I seek your company when you are another’s?” returned Philip bitterly.

Edith’s hand trembled on his arm as she replied :

“I am *no* one’s.”

“What do you mean?” he exclaimed, stopping and gazing at her earnestly.

“My engagement with Royal Stanley is broken off.”

“And you will be mine?” he cried eagerly.

“Will you take a *coquette*?”

“No, but I will take the dearest girl on earth to me!”

His arms were about her and her head was on his breast. The moon beamed on them tenderly and the waves sang a glad song of perfect love.

Edith explained that she and Royal had been betrothed in childhood by their parents, that until she had seen Philip she did not know what love was ; unconsciously she gave herself up to its tender influence, till suddenly awakened to a sense of duty by his declaration, she had led him to believe that she was a coquette. His departure opened her eyes to the real state of her feelings, which being divulged to Royal, he had given her her freedom.

Philip’s pleas for pardon for his hard words, when she refused him, were unnecessary, as he was already forgiven. That evening he had encountered her contrary to his determination, and when at last they parted at the gate, it was also very much AGAINST HIS WILL.

Oct. 1. 1877.





1 300145 000000 000000 000000 000000 000000 000000 000000 000000 000000

0 015 971 868 2

